

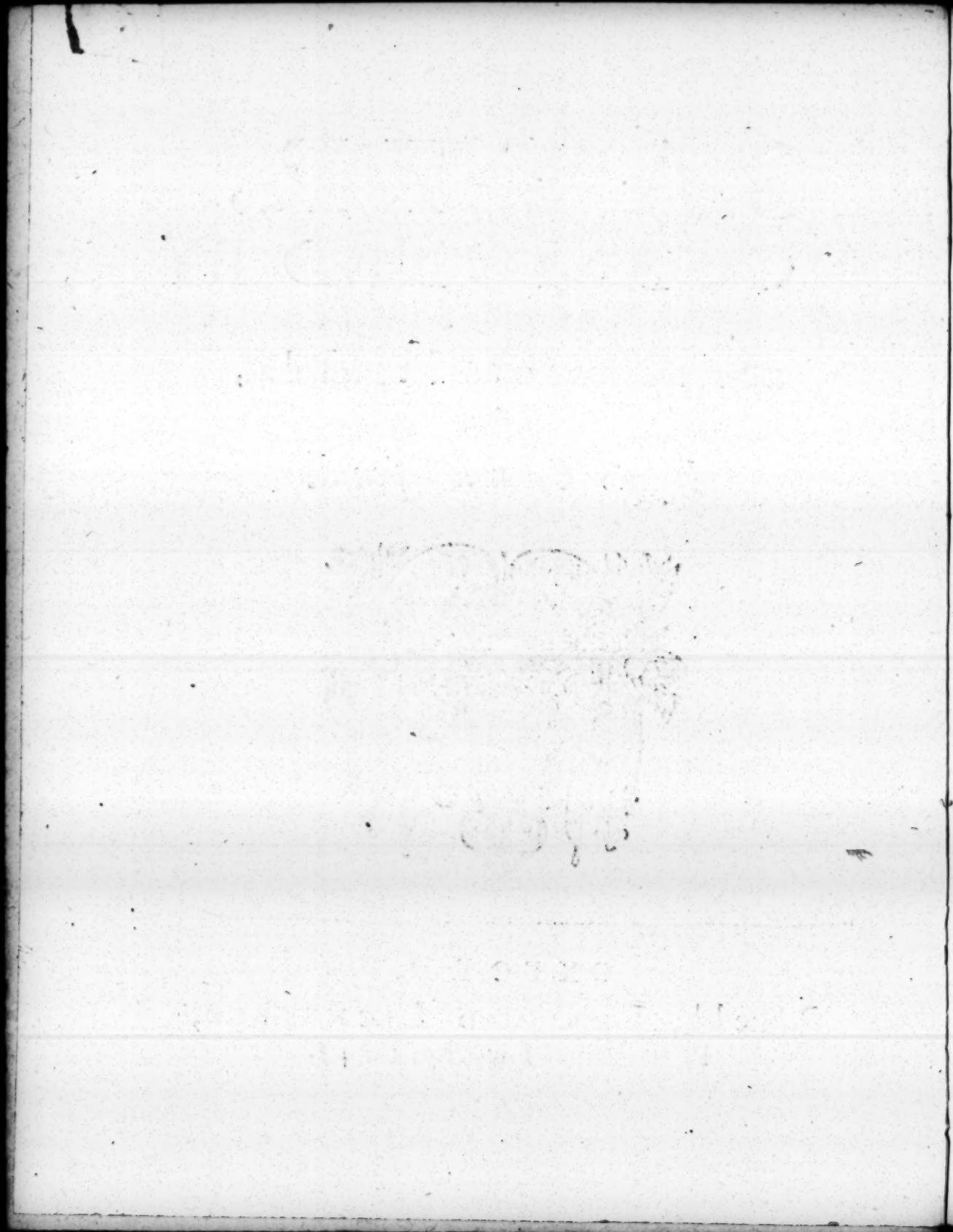
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A  
**S A T Y R,**  
**O C C A S I O N E D B Y,**  
THE AUTHOR'S SURVEY OF  
a Scandalous Pamphlet Intituled,  
The  
*King's Cabanet Opened.*



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# A SATYR.

*Composed*  
**W**hen Lawes and Princes are despis'd, and cheap,  
 When High-pitcht Mischeifs all are in the heap;  
 Returns must still be had; Guilt must strive more,  
 Though not to' Enoble, yet to' Enlarge her store.

Poore Cheap Designes! the Rebell now must flic  
 To Packet-Warre, to Paper-Treacherie.

The Basiliskes are turn'd to Closset-Spies,  
 And to their Pois' now adde Enquiring Eyes.

As Snakes and Serpents should they cast their sting,  
 Still the same Hate, though not same Poyson fling;  
 And their Vaine teeth to the same point address'd,  
 With the like Rancor, though unlike Successe:

So those that into undiscerning veines,  
 Have throwne their Venome deepe, and their dark staines,  
 By fraile Advantages, still find it good,  
 To keep th' Infection high i'ch' Peoples Blood.

" For Active Treason must be Doing still:

" Lest she Vnlearne her Art of Doing Ill.

Who now have waded through all Publike awe,  
 Will break through Secrets, & prophane Their Law.

Know you that would Their *Act* and *statute* see,  
Nature kept *Court*, and made it her *Deere*.

When *Angels* talke, all their *Concepts* are brought  
From *Mind* to *Mind*, and they discourse by *Thought*.  
*A Close Idea* moves, and *Silence* flies  
*To post* the *Message*, and *dispatch* *Replies*.  
And though *Ten Legions*, in the *Round* are bent,  
They only *heare*, to whom the *Talke* was meant.  
Now, though in *Men* a diff'rent *Law* controules,  
And *Soules* are not *Embaſadors* to *Soules*:  
Nature gave Reason pow'r to find a way,  
Which none but theſe durſt venture to betray.

“ Two close ſafe Path's ſhe did bequeath to men,  
“ In *Presence*, *Whisper*; and at *Distance*, *Penne*.  
*Publike Decrees* and *Thoughts* were eſe the ſame,  
Nor were it to *Converſe*, but to *Proclame*.  
*Concepts* were eſe *Records*, but by this care,  
Our *Thoughts* no *Commons*, but *Incloſures* are:  
What bold *Intruders* then are who affaile,  
To cut their *Princes Hedge*, and break His *Pale*!  
That ſo *Unmanly* *gaze*, and dare be ſeene  
Ev'n then, when He converſes with His *Queene*?

Yet, as who breaks the *Tall Banks* *Rifing Side*,  
And all the *Shore* doth levie with the *Tyde*,  
Doth not confine the *Waves* to any *Bound*,  
But the *whole Streame* may gaine upon the *Ground*;  
So theſe, *ſtreight Prospect* ſcorn, and *Private View*,

“ The *Crime* is ſmall that doth engage a Few.  
These print their *ſhame*, they muſt compleat their *Sin*;  
Not take ſome *Waves*, and ſhut the *Sluce* agen.  
But, to the *Rageing* of their *Sea*, they doe  
Let in the *Madneſſe* of the *People* too.

But, 'cause the Crime must weare a *Maske and Taile*,  
 And faine the Serpent would conceale his *Taile*.  
 No sooner comes the *Libell* to our view,  
 But see a *stay'd, demure, grave* *Preface* too:  
 Which seems to shew they would not thus intrude,  
 Nor presse so farre but for the *Publike Good*.  
 But as some *London Beggers* use to stand,  
 In *Gracians Coates* with *Papers* in their hand,  
 Who are (as them in diff'rent parts we meet)  
*English* at Home, but *solemne Greeks* ith' street.  
 Of whom *uncloth'd*, and when the truth is heard,  
*Constantinople* only knowes the *Beard*.  
 So this *fly Masker*, lay it's *Tinsell* by,  
 Is only *Painted Zeale*, and *Pageantry*.

We need not let our *Satyr* here compute,  
 How it prophanes God in his *Attribute*.

But, for it's *Light* it need no *Bushell* call,  
 A *Semestresse Thimble* would *Eclipfe* it all.

O ! in what wea'nesse it pretends to creepc,  
 How well the *Tyger* personates the *Sheepe*.

It not Returns ill *Languag* to the *King*,  
 Though the next Lines the *Psalmes* against *Him* bring.

Then it to th' *Businesse* comes, and lets us know,  
 Who reads it either is it's *Friend*, or *Foe*.

If *Friend*, the *Scandals* all must true appeare:  
 If *Foe* ( alack the man is nere the neere.)

Foe no light moves, no *Miracles* like these,  
 Heel' say they 're not the *Kings* too if he please,

And tell us pray, why may'nt your last words stand,  
 You counterfeit *His Seale*, why not *His Hand*?

But to admit. We now deduce and bring,  
 What after *Notes* clearely imply oth' *King*.

See the  
Preface.

See the first  
Annotation.

First, They His Consort from His *Secrets* wrest:  
They doe allow the *King*, but not the *Breast*.  
The Sacred Knott must have a *Tye* and *Force*,  
To joyne their *Hands*, but yet their *Thoughts* *Divorce*:  
And, as the *Ivy* wedds hei Consort-*Tree*,  
Though joyn'd and close their chaste *Embraces* be,  
Yet in those *Twynes* and *Circuits* we can find,  
No *Traffick*, no *Commerce* of *Mind* with *Mind*:  
So must the Sacred Lawes of Marriage peirce,  
Here she may *sprout*, and *Grow*, but not *Converse*.  
And like a Plant remov'd by 'Grafters toyle,  
She finds, not *Nuptials*, but a change of *Soyle*.  
*England* to th' *Queene* Transplanted thus must prove,  
No *Forraigne Kingdom*, but a *Forraigne Grove*.

But, lest this groundlesse seeme, they Reasons vexe,  
And tell the World she's of the Weaker *Sexe*.  
In what wilde Braines this Madnesse first began?  
They're wondrous angry, 'cause the *Queenes* no *Man*.  
Fond Sirs forbeare, doe not the world perplex:  
*Reason* and *Judgment* are not things of *Sexe*.  
*Soules* and their *Faculties* were never heard,  
To be confin'd to th' *Dublet*, and the *Beard*.  
Consult one Age from this, and you shall find  
A *Queene* the *Glory* of your *Annalls* shin'd.  
But who to farre and distant *Ob ects* flyes,  
Must say the *Sunne* wants *Lustre* or *He Eyes*.  
Our *Present Injur'd* *Queene* returns that store,  
And doth again, what could be done before:  
By the *Kings* *Judgment*, shewes Her *owne* is Right,  
And still she meets His *Ray* with her *owne* *Light*.

Thus the *Wise King* to *Sheba's Queene* was knowne,  
Who knew *Him Wise*, by *Wisdom* of her *Owne*.

But

But as all *Publike* knowledge barr'd must be,  
 So *Household-Acts* must have their Mysterie:  
 No circumstance can passe, no Servant made,  
 But must be wrapt in *silence* and *close shade*.  
 One place in Court a Riddle must afford,  
 Worthy a *secreit Sybills* darke Record.

See on in  
the first An-  
notat.

As the Kings *acts* must all Their limits prove,  
 So their *Restraint* and *Raines* must check his *Love*.  
*Esteems* of 's *Consort* by their *pitch* must flic,  
 Nor must He Rate His *Deere* Queens *Health* too *high*.  
 He must affect thus *farre*, and then no *more*;  
 His *Tydes* must be proportion'd to their *shore*;  
 His *Tenderneſſe* their *Weights* and *Ballance* weare,  
 By *Granes* and *Scruples* they confine His *Care*,  
 But ( *Savage* ) know, there can no *Ransome* be

See the 2<sup>1</sup>  
Annotat.

Poys'd with the Health of such a *Queene* as *she*.  
*She* that at once such *weightie* *Acts* can doe,  
 That can be *Queene*, and yet *Negotiate* too.  
*Send*, and be *sent*, and without more demurrc,  
 Be both the *Queene*, and Her *Embaſſadour*.  
 That gives *dispatch* for *Ships*, and when *she* please,  
 Divides the Empire with the *Queene* oth' *Seas*.  
 Who dares the Threats of any danger stand,  
 The *stubborne Rock*, or the *Devouring Sand*.  
 And though the *Sea* swell like Her *fate*, and *Grave*,  
 Looke at her *Consort*, and despise the *Wave*.

See the 3<sup>1</sup>  
Annotat.

'The Captive *Queene* did (thus) the Tyrant tell,  
 I am no *Captive* so my King be well.  
 By these, her worth and Rate is faintly knowne,  
 Past stories *blush* when she erects Her *owne*.  
 Search *old Gray Annalls*, you may find at length,  
 Some *Queene* in *Vigour*, and her mid day *strength*.

D. curius  
lib. 3.

Who

Who in her Injut'd Consort's cause, referres  
To Copies glancing at these Acts of *Hers*;  
But if *Infirme* and *Sickly* *Queenes* we scanne,  
No story patterns *Her*, None ever can.

Shew us a *Queen* fraught with such wide *Affaires*,  
Here private *Weaknesse*, there a *Kingdoms Cares*,  
Perplext and tortur'd from her Rest and ease,  
By a *Rebellion here*, there a *Disease*:

*Advice*, and *Medicines* at one time we view,  
*A Councell-Bord*, *Bord of Physitians* too:  
Yet her Capacious Soule both these defeats,  
While this Hand holds *Instructions*, that *Receipts*.

These are our fam'd *Queens Crimes*, but yet one more

See the 3. Must be the maine *Ingredient* of the *Store*.  
Annotat.

Which seems to plesse so deepe, there's nought so bright,  
But this may fully all it's Lustre quite.

'Tis *Her Religion's Care*: She tryes *Her Powr's*,  
To keep that still. Doe not we so for *Ours*?  
Why to one *Face* so diff'rent *shapes* have bin?  
What *Virtue* is in *Ys*, in *Her*, is *Sin*.

Our diff'rent *Faith's* did long together grow,  
And neither suffer'd, neither losse did know:  
And like a stream, which 'twixt two feilds doth flow,  
Which as it *Moistens*, so *Divides* them too:  
So did the *Kingdoms Law* throw *Dew* and *growth*,  
In *weight* and just *proportion* unto both,  
And like a parting *Current* slide along,  
To keep them *wide*, that neither neither *Wrong*.  
Our *Faith's* were then but *Two*, but since a sp'rit  
So many *Mushrome-Seqts* rais'd in a Night:  
The *Protestant* ( as she could Parties gaine  
Who unconcern'd were iu the *Dreggs and staine*,)

Did

Did recommend her *Votaries*, and bring  
 Her Faith to it's *Defendour*, our *Just King*.  
 Who with such *Zeale* hath kept her Rites entire,  
 As well from *Languishing*, as from *strange Fire*:  
 That still the Censer favours it's true Sent,  
 Without *Accession*; yet no *Perfume* spent.  
 The happy *Martyrs* find their Faith hath stood  
 In *Him*, as when they bath'd it in their blood.  
 They joy to see, that He his God adores  
 Nor at *High-Places*, nor at *Threshing-Floores*.  
 But 'spight of Scandals, pay's his homage still  
 In the *Just Beauty* of the *Sion-Hill*.

To *Other Sects*; though as in *Common-Feilds*  
 Which *Swine*, and *Horses*, *Mules*, and *Oxen* yeilds,  
 Who though at *Distance feed*, *Approaching*, *clash*,  
 And *Disproportion'd* shapes together dash.  
 So they, though one *Rebellion* them sustaine  
 Themselfes *Accuse*, and are *Accus'd* againe.  
 Could they comply, then possibly might dwell  
 Some *faint Agreement*, though no *Peace* in Hell.  
 Now, these nice *Tafts* no *Forraigne* aids indure,  
 (Their *Rebell Scots*, are *English Rebels* sure.)  
 No, nor the *Papists*: much it with them sticks,  
 Lest these Mens *Pumiards*, should be *Hereticks*:  
 Their soules would be *Prophan'd*, and clean *undun*,  
 Should they be slaine by an *Idolatrous Gun*.  
 Goe lay your *Vizer* by, your *Masking* stufte,  
 The *Devill* is *tyr'd*, and *Hell* hath *laugh'd* enough:  
 The world discries the *Cheat*; 'tis quickly knowne  
 They no *Faith* hate, who have *Resolv'd* on *None*.  
 These may not fight: that is, the *King* you'd haue  
 Tamely forlacke his *Crowne*, and be your *slave*,

See the 4.  
Annotation.

His Easier Subje&s long agoe you gatt,  
 All who approv'd your Baite, and swallow that.  
 Indeed, Discerning soules the snare forsooke,  
 And through the Wave did still discrie the Hooke;  
 But yet so close designes were cast about,  
 You Race was halfe runne ere the King set out.  
 Yet you complaine, and guilty feares doe gnaw,  
 Lest you should scaned be for Space and Law:  
 Conscious, though you your cause did forward meet.  
 It's Guilt and Sin hangs Plummets at it's feet.

Are not the Jewes, Walloones, the Turks, and all  
 Whom from as Diff'rent Gods as Lands you call,  
 An Armie strong to keep the cause in heart,  
 But that the King must with His Subjects part?  
 Can no Accession so much safety fend,  
 But you will dread Him still before you end?

Sometimes at Ebbes his God doth let Him stand,  
 That so the Rescue may declare His hand.  
 But, what ( you hope ) may make the King's side pause,  
 Is what He writes about the Penall Lawes.  
 Poore, shallow soules ! I deeme it one from hence  
 To forfeit Loyalty, and forfeit Sense.

Shall such as wast their Blood be quite debarr'd,  
 And kept without the Pale from all Reward?  
 Shall fame Report, shall after Ages tell,  
 So Just a King regards not who doe well?

But you pretend, this was a State-Decree,  
 Nor without Pow'r which made may cancell'd be.  
 The King nev'r saies it shall; but cannot doubt  
 That when His God hath brought His work about,  
 And shifted Jarres and Tumulcs into Ease,  
 And seat him 'midst his Councill in High Peace:

Their

See on in  
 the 4. An-  
 notation.

Their joyn't united suffrage will think fit,  
To give this Act; or something Great as it.

But see, His Pardon then to Ireland came,  
( Wild Rebels ) offers He not you the same?  
He holds still out the same fresh cheerfull Ray,  
You shatt your Windowes and exclude the Day.

Embrace the shine, or else expect the stroake:  
The Flint the Sunne ne're melts, at last is brooke.

But now the Flood-Gates op', and a free Sluice,  
Let's in all Senselesse Doctrines, and wild Use.

And by Comparing what's said long agoe,  
Finds Disproportion in the King's Acts now.

His past Resolves it up to Present brings,  
His Vowes to Vowes, and Things to combat Things.

A Diff'rent face throughout, and a fresh Scene  
Succeeds: and all his Acts seeme shifted cleane.

Weak men! who are depiv'd by Guilt or chance,  
Of all the lights of Common Circumstance;

That have unlearn't that Actions shift their Face,  
And date their worth from Persons, Time, and Place,

And sundry such, from whose Neglects appeare  
Acts as Sinnes there, which are Try'd Virtues here.

For instance then: oft as the King reflects  
His Oath's injoyne; His People He protects.

Which Oathes extent, and Circuit we may veiw  
Spread ore th' Five Execrable Members too.

Yet (farre as't them concernes) that Chnne is broke,  
That Oath left Him, becausethey left His Yoake.

Now of this Pitch, and size, doe still appeare,  
All Aerie Scruples which are started there.

The King Declared, He thought you meant no Ill.  
Say, would you the King Declare so still?

See on in  
the 4. An.  
notation,

See on,

Allow but diff'rent Circumstance, and we  
 Find, all your scandals will His Gloryes be.  
 Now, as the *worſt* things have *ſome* things of *ſtead*,  
 And ſome *Toades* treasure *Jewels* in their Head.  
 So doth this *Libels* *Wombe* girt, and *containe*  
 What thoug a it *compaſſe* Round it cannot *ſtaine*.  
 Lines of ſo *cleare*, yet ſo *Majeſtick* ſtraine,  
 A moſt *Transparent*, yet a *close*. *wove* Veine.  
 Which when we reach its *Sense*, we may diſcrie  
 We ſee more by its *Light*, then our own Eye.  
 So *Phæbus* ( when the *Cloud* and *Night* is done)  
 Lends us his *Light* to know he is the *Sunne*.  
 Yet this expressive Cleareneſſe is but *barke*,  
 An *Out-side* *Sunne* which guards us from the *darke*.  
 Here, the *Bright* *Language* shuts in *Brighter* ſenſe,  
*Rich* *Diamonds* ſleep within a *Chryſtall* *Fence*.  
*Gemmes* of that rate, to *Tully* they'd appeare  
*Fitt Purchase* for *his Critick* *Senates* *Eare*.  
 And their whole *Shine* in a full *Luſtre* tends  
 To *God*, *His Conſcience*, *Conſort*, and *His Friends*.

## THE CLOSE.

No winding Charaters, no ſecret Maze  
 Could ſo perplex, but they have found their wayes:  
 They thred the Labyrinth: and what to doe?  
 Where ſends the Guide? what purchase in this Clew?  
*Q. Curtius lib. 3.* Rash *Alexander* forc't *King Gordius* *Knott*,  
 And ſo in hand found he a *Rope* had gott.

*F I N I S.*

